

THE EARTHQUAKE FAD

By Roy L. McCardell.

The Prevalence of Local Seismic Phenomena as Chronicled from Perfectly Authentic Sources.

(From Our Harlem Correspondent.)

ALL West One Hundred and Sixteenth street was awakened at an early hour by shrieks emanating from the apartments of Howe E. Tanksupp, No. 2323, on the fifth floor west.

Residents of the locality, confused by sleep, imagined at first that it was some good housewife on the block shouting down to a huckster to send her up two ten cent boxes of strawberries and change for a quarter on the dumb waiter.

Upon second thoughts it was remembered that the ethics of trade do not permit the hucksters to begin their vocalizations and vending until after the milkman has opened up domestic traffic for the day, and the neighborhood, coming to the conclusion that it was some gentleman beating his wife, had turned over for another nap when the sudden crash of an upset china closet brought every one from bed.

It was now apparent that the voice was that of Mrs. Howe E. Tanksupp. She was heard to cry: "Oh, my nose is bleeding! Murder! Help! Police!"

Officer Grogarty was notified at the corner saloon, where he was keeping score of an all-night pinocle tournament and watching for excise violations.

When the policeman reached the Tanksupp apartment, Mr. Tanksupp appeared at the door and stated that his wife had been frightened by an earthquake that had upset the china closet in the dining-room, and in his efforts to calm her he had inadvertently struck her in the face with a soup tureen. He had been compelled to choke her to bring her to. Mrs. Tanksupp was too frightened and overcome to make any statement.

(From Our Brooklyn Correspondent.)

Persons residing in Mrs. Fuller Prunys's fashionable boarding-house, in Lafayette avenue, report feeling a distinct earthquake shortly after midnight yesterday. Mr. Emil Bierhoyer, returning from a meeting of the Gambrinus Saengerbund, reports that as he was ascending the stairs in Mrs. Prunys's establishment he felt the house shake and waver under him. He clutched the stair rail, but the tremor tore it from his grasp and he was thrown down the stairs, landing in the hall, where he was picked up by his wife in a semi-conscious state and breathing heavily.

A peculiar phenomena of the seismic visitation, which plainly shows the violence of the shock, was the fact that it had unlaced Mr. Bierhoyer's shoes and torn them from his feet and jerked his watch and keys from his pocket and strewn them over the hall.

More Local Shocks.

Mr. Jerry Bilder, the popular contractor, of Union avenue, the Bronx, was the victim of a severe earthquake shock in that neighborhood late yesterday afternoon. Mr. Bilder is erecting a row of apartment-houses on Union avenue. The row had been erected in record time to the fourth floor in five days, when suddenly, with a roar and in a cloud of dust, the walls of the structure sank down to the ground a confused mass of rubbish.

Mr. Bilder reports that the noise made by the earthquake while the building was falling could be heard for a mile. A queer result of the earthquake was shown after examination, in the fact that the mortar holding the bricks had turned to a greasy mud that crumbled between the fingers. This is the fourth time Mr. Bilder has been the victim of earthquakes while erecting apartments in the Bronx. He states that he is never sure of erecting a building and keeping it up until he gets the roof on. The roof acts as a brace and makes the building strong enough to resist the prevalent seismic disturbances.

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

"CAN WE LEARN TO LOVE?"

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



Hereby Know, Love May Grow.

Dear Miss Greeley-Smith:

Be of good cheer, sweet June, And hereby know You may not learn to love, But love may grow— And strongest plants grow slowest, That I trow, And latest bloom and fairest, Let not so?

Love comes to divers men

In divers ways;

For some it is a flame

Whose sudden blaze

Flashes like lightning, and—

Like lightning—dies.

But 'tho' a flame, this maxim

None gainsays:

The hardest wood burns hardest,

But longest burning lasts.

Many a faithful swain

His lady's won

By being true and staunch

And hoping on;

And her unswerving heart,

His surface love's o'ercome,

Has turned to him at last

And found a home. M. D.

Easy to Learn to Love.

Dear Miss Greeley-Smith:

It is the easiest thing in the world to "fall in" or learn to love. Read love at first sight, never. But how completely entwined one becomes in the subtle influence by companionship of the opposite sex! After a time each finer-tinted feature and word is idealized and cherished. It takes time for a sculptor to finish a masterpiece, and he must start with the rough virgin marble. We never "make hands" for love; its foundation extends further back than when Manhattan Island rose in nature's cradle. SAM.

Blind Love and True Love.

Dear Miss Greeley-Smith:

If by love we mean that blind, feverish, consuming passion that comes to most of us at different times of our lives and which overwhelms us with its unreasonable intensity, we have no need of the agency or medium of instruction, for this sort of love knows neither method nor reason. This, however, is not true love. True love is nothing more than a complete and full understanding between congenial souls, and can only be attained by a thorough knowledge and acquaintance with each other. True love grows and deepens with time, until at last we live "by each until to live and love be one." GLADY.

Love, the Simplest Lesson.

Dear Miss Greeley-Smith:

Many lessons are taught in the school of experience which are declared impos-

sible to master by those never having

occasion to apply themselves to the

task. Love is one of the simplest,

sweetest lessons; some need not study

it, others must. We can learn to love,

as the true character of each is gradu-

ally revealed to the other. The bond

thus formed and sealed by time is

stronger and holier than the flame

which, limited in haste, burns with in-

tensity for a brief time, but when

fanned by the breeze of adversity dies

the death of the autumn leaf. A. I. L.

Love Like "Dian's Kiss."

Dear Miss Greeley-Smith:

"Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unthought,

Love gives itself, but is not bought."

Longfellow knew when he penned that

thought that real love bubbled from the

heart as water from a spring. Admiration

and respect, often mistaken for

love, can be won by loving attentions,

but real love springs to life and grows

for no reason at all. It endures through

misfortune, sickness, poverty, ill-treat-

ment and even crime. Love like this

is never "learned." R. L. G.

Women Can Learn Love.

Dear Miss Greeley-Smith:

Perfect love is an electric affinity be-

tween a man and a woman, ratified by

their calmer judgment. A man does not

learn love; he either feels attracted from

the beginning or he does not. A woman

may learn love after marriage. Choosing

is a masculine prerogative. A man knows

how to select a wife better than a woman

knows how to choose a husband. A

husband, amid the trials and vagaries of

life, chooses to do and has learned to

discern between love and infatuation. Women

throughout all generations have had

to learn to love the man they could not

get, not him whom they most de-

sired. Their natures (unless they pos-

sessed that unfortunate blight, an

artificial temperament) are adaptable. C. D.

Love Is Not Infatuation.

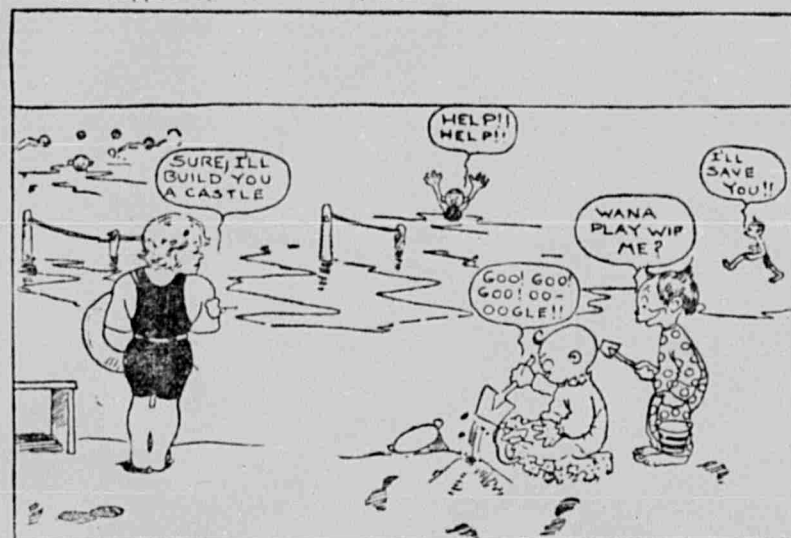
Dear Miss Greeley-Smith:

Love is an inspiration of the soul but

BUDGER, the "Want-to-Be" Boy—By "Pop"



Budger saw how every one admired the big, husky Life-Saver at the beach. "Oh, I'd just love to be a life-saver!" he cried. Make-Believe hopped out of the surf, touched—



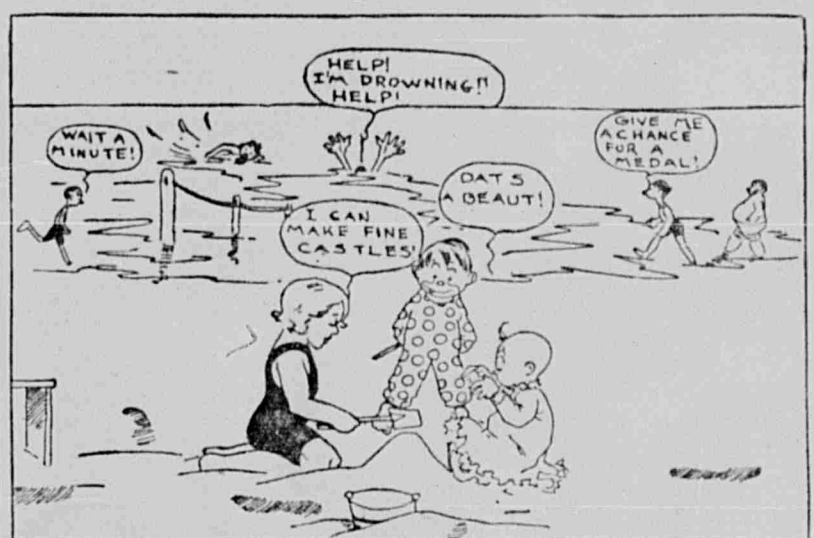
a life or so. But, while he was waiting, he saw two boys building a beautiful castle out of sand, and Budger grew so interested watching them that he didn't—



last the drowning man was rescued by some one else, and the proprietor of the beach rushed up to where Budger was playing, and upset his castle, and—



him with his wand; and all at once Budger found himself, a full-blown life-saver, standing proudly on the beach, receiving the admiration of the crowd and eager to save—



hear a cry for help from amid the breakers. He joined the castle-builders and they all three talked so loud that the cry for help never reached them. At—



yelled: "You're a nice sort of life-saver, aren't you? I'll send you to jail, and—" Just as Budger was about to be arrested Make-Believe suddenly appeared and whisked him home.

Little Comedies of Success

By T. O. McGill



MISS HUFFIT WORKED HARD FOR SEVEN A WEEK, SELLING RIBBONS AND LACES, AND SHE STOOD FOR THE SNUGS OF THE CRANKY AND SOUR, IN HER BACK AND HER SIDES WAS A STITCH.



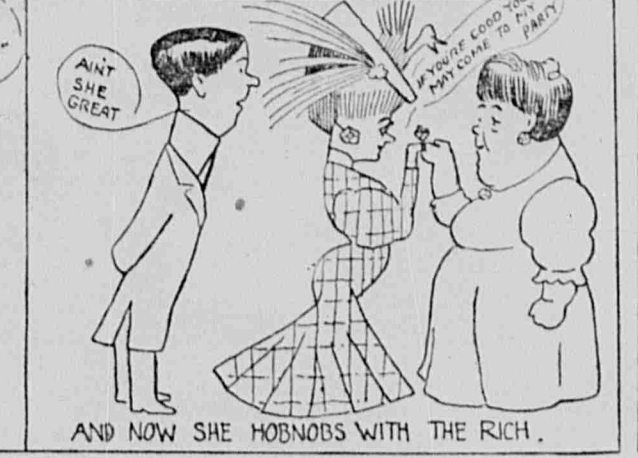
SHE WAITED ONE DAY ON A GENTLEMAN'S SON AND AT HIM HER SWEETEST VOICE PITCHED.



HE ASKED HER TO MARRY AND SHE SAID "SURE".



AND NOW SHE HOBNOBS WITH THE RICH.



HE ASKED HER TO MARRY AND SHE SAID "SURE".



AND NOW SHE HOBNOBS WITH THE RICH.

BEAUTY HINTS.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

Stains on the Neck.

J. E. T.—This recipe

is found effective in removing the collar stain from the neck. Take fresh

stained cucumber juice, boil for five

minutes, and for every five ounces of

juice add pulverized borax, 1½ grains;

acetate of soda, 5 grains; tincture of

quinilla, 25 ounces. Boil for five

minutes, and apply two or three times a

day until the stain is removed.

A Freckle Lotion.

JERSEYITE—Here is a formula

for curing freckles. Thirty

grains of pulverized borax dis-

solved in 2-1/2 ounces of lemon juice,

makes a lotion that is very effective in

keeping freckles in abeyance, where it

agrees with the skin. It should be ap-

plied at night after the face has been

thoroughly washed and rinsed.

A Depilatory.

E. B.—The plaster stick is really the

best thing I know of for a de-

pilatory. If you want a paste

depilatory, here is a formula that you

can have made up as directed at any

drug store: Barium sulphide, 50 grains;

powdered chalk, 40 grains. Mix with

water. The barium sulphide must be

absolutely dry to be effective when it

is mixed with the chalk. Enough water

should be afterward added to make it

thin paste.

Her Friend's Sweetheart.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young girl, and a lady friend

I know had a misunderstanding with

a young man friend of mine. I was

"making up" with "my girl." I am

miserable without her. J. P.

See her or write her how sorry you

are.

turned each other's presents. I am

very unhappy and would ask you to

advise me as to how I should go about

"making up" with "my girl." I am

miserable without her. J. P.

See her or write her how sorry you

are.

turned each other's presents. I am

very unhappy and would ask you to

advise me as to how I should go about

"making up" with "my girl." I am

miserable without her. J. P.

See her or write her how sorry you

are.

turned each other's presents. I am

very unhappy and would ask you to

advise me as to how I should go about

"making up" with "my girl." I am

miserable without her. J. P.

See her or write her how sorry you

are.

turned each other's presents. I am

very unhappy and would ask you to

In and Out of the Theatres

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S "lecture" to the St. Louis Women's Club the other afternoon was probably of more benefit to the San Francisco sufferers than to his hearers. Although his subject was a serious one—"The Stage"—Mr. Mansfield seems to have been in a light mood. He was about to begin, it appears, when the screams of parrots in the next yard came upon the window and broke in upon his profound thoughts.

"I think I hear parrots," said Mr. Mansfield. "If they hear me they will probably imitate me and then their owner will be displeased."

For the sake of that immediate part of St. Louis, it is to be hoped the parrots didn't hear him. When Mr. Mansfield got started he is reported to have said, among other things:

"Most any one thinks that he or she can act. Women of my acquaintance often ask me to let them play parts. In a weak moment I once permitted a woman who had had experience as an ambassador at foreign courts and who had lived at the Court of Queen Victoria to take the part of a society woman on the stage."

"I thought that she could do that if she could act, but she was a failure. She became entangled in her words, and it was with difficulty that she could be kept away from one."

"The public does not want society as it is. Neither does it want the representations of princes and dukes and kings to be as most of them are. I have met many royal personages and their great characteristic is simplicity."

"The members of the royal families are most hearty in their applause. The King of England leans far over his box and applauds vigorously when he is pleased. Princess Louise applauds much."

"In America it is sometimes, to say the least, distressing to be called before the curtain and to see before you boxes of young ladies sitting as stiff and straight as if you had not said a moving word. It seems bad manners to me."

"Dyspepsia and unpleasant wives sometimes have the making of an actor's disposition, as they did for the poor clown, Grimaldi, whose physician advised him to go and see Grimaldi as a cure for his troubles. But I am Grimaldi," said the clown.

"Both was one of these sad men. I never saw him jolly except late at night, when I sometimes assisted him home."

"He said that all men were actors and that Napoleon was one of the greatest of them all."

"Some imitate one character, some

another, but I'm afraid we're all monkeys. I've met society women who imitated Princess Metternich; others who, though nothing was the matter with the sides of their heads, tied them up so that they might look as much as possible like Queen Louise of Prussia in her pictures."

In the face of his fluttering curtain that exclaims applause on his opening nights in New York, this from Mr. Mansfield is really humorous:

"I have sometimes thought of having it printed on the tickets that the actors appreciate the applause of the audience and ask that this suffice for the expected bowing."

"There are times when we do not expect applause—when a part so moves you that you cannot show your feeling except by sitting still until the curtain goes down and then going quietly home."

Quite true. Mr. Mansfield often makes one feel like going home.

FRANCIS WILSON, in his book "Joseph Jefferson: Reminiscences of a Fellow Player," reports the following conversation:

"It is possible to make a play that shall be at one and the same time a good acting play and good literature?"

"Undoubtedly," he replied.

"Can you give me ten examples of plays, except those of Shakespeare, that have the double acquirement?"

"Ten will do," I said.

"He instantly named the following: 'Virginia,' 'The Hunchback,' 'The Wife,' 'William Tell,' 'Richelieu,' 'Lady of Lyons,' 'New Way to Pay Old Debts,' 'Money,' 'The Honeymoon,' 'School,' 'Gains,' 'Ours,' 'Fazio,' 'Love's Sacrifice,' 'The Wife's Secret,' 'The Gamester,' 'Douglas,' 'Isabella,' 'The Band Manager,' 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'The Rivals,' 'The School for Scandal' and 'London Assurance.'"

INTO the mail of Charles Dillingham there fluttered yesterday the following unique letter:

Los Angeles, Cal., April 20.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, care Charles Dillingham, Hudson Theatre, New York:

Dear Sir—I notice among the list of plays copyrighted a play entitled, "Passion, Poison, Petrification, or, the Fatal Gasogene." Would you kindly inform me where I could secure the book, as I wish to read it? Thanking you, and trusting to hear from you, I am, very respectfully,

(Miss) BLANCHE FARGO.

Mr. Dillingham will forward the letter to Mr. Shaw and ask him to oblige the lady if possible. Meanwhile Los Angeles may prepare for another shock.

CHARLES DARTON.

LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

Chances in San Francisco.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Would some Western reader inform me what they consider the present prospects are for any person going to San Francisco, not knowing a trade, but willing to work at anything? INQUIRER.

The Three R's.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the meaning of the term "three R's" as applied to our public schools? JOHN BERRY.

They refer to reading, writing and arithmetic; tradition saying that an ignorant once spelt the trio "Reading, rixin' and 'rithmetick."

The Computer Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I have been studying the Jersey computer lately. His chief interests appear to be lawn mowers, garden seeds and "settin' hens, broodin'." You can see dozens of him coming from the depot every evening, usually with a rake or hoe in one hand, with several packages of garden seeds, with the other hanging on to the leg of his banner days. His only regret is that Sunday isn't fifty hours long instead of twenty-four. That's the

day you hear